

FORD TIMES

february 1953





design by Charles Harper

Horseless Carriage Adventures

No. 16—HOT SPRINGS

Long before the turn of the century the fame of Hot Springs' 143-degree underground waters had attracted enough outlanders to cause it to be known as Arkansas' most cosmopolitan city, and one of the country's most noted watering places. Bankers and dowagers, tycoons and luminaries came to this Ouachita Mountains community to rest and "take the baths." Elegant bath houses with curious names were built, and visitors soon determined whether Lamar, Buckstaff, Fordyce, or Quapaw best suited their particular ailments. Then, as now, the standard bath consisted of a steaming fifteen-minute immersion while the patient drank copious draughts of the hot water to assist perspiration, a massage, rubdown, and a gradual exit through rooms with successively lower temperatures. The visitor shown above has arrived in a Model T of 1914 known as the "Coupelet," and described as a car "coolly pleasant in summer and cozily comfortable in winter."

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My Favorite Town—

Montevallo, Alabama

by Virginia Hamilton

paintings by Richard Brough

OUR FRIENDS were politely shocked. Leave Washington? Walk out on a good government job and a good newspaper job to live in a little town on a mound in a valley in Alabama? Never shake the hand of the President of the United States at another crowded press reception? Never again glimpse your own profile in the newsreel of another hearing on the Hill? Stop getting those expensively engraved invitations to cocktails and caviar with some lobbyist or maybe tea and cookies with Mamie? Swap cherry blossoms and Senate bean soup and parades down Pennsylvania Avenue for a small college and the town of Montevallo, Alabama, whose population just manages to clear the 2,000 mark if you add in some 700 college girls?

Just a whim, our Washington friends told one another indulgently; one of those rural urges; give them six months. Privately, we did some wondering ourselves as our little car nudged its way through the cloverleaf mazes of Arlington and onto Robert E. Lee Boulevard, headed south.

It is noontime in our Alabama town, two years, one baby and one cocker spaniel later. A lot of folks like to nap after their midday dinner and the streets are quiet and empty. That noise is the wheeze of the 12:30 bus from Birmingham, stopped to let a housewife with packages off at her door. You

Above right: One way to enter Montevallo is over Spring Creek Bridge.

Below right: Main Street has something that Pennsylvania Avenue hasn't.



won't find an ulcer case in a town which takes its own good time—one hour and a half—between walking home for noon dinner and walking back to work.

I hear the noon lines still wait in government basement cafeterias, seafood houses on the Potomac and swank French restaurants on Connecticut Avenue.

Talking of food, my neighbor to the west brought over two old-fashioned, brown oven cups the other day, filled with egg custard and just a spoonful of homemade preserves at the bottom. Larry said he hadn't eaten anything like it since he was a boy in Indiana.

True, there's not a French chef in town but we have some fresh peanut butter cookies in the pantry, from the fragrant kitchen of another neighbor, and a jar of honey-in-the-comb from my friend at the post office who keeps bees.

We felt a little sad when the young couple from Washington who passed through town not long ago said they had no idea who lived in the 153 other units in their apartment village out toward the Maryland line. Maybe they were feeling sorry for us, too, since town seemed pretty quiet that night. Rocking on the porch, they brought us up to date on the constant ebb and flow of Iowans, Hoosiers and Down Easters who become, for a spell, Washingtonians. It was one a.m., long past our bedtime, when they left and we slept through the Carter fire and the noisiest scrap in many a month between the couple down the street who don't get along.

Ordinarily the mournful, midnight wail of the laundry whistle, which means fire in our town, will wake every man, woman and baby from Shoals Creek to Dry Valley. It's the exact same whistle which proclaims noon and quitting time every day, but on a dark, chill morning it seems an ominous, urgent cry of trouble and doom.

You can feel the stir of the town struggling from sleep, watch bedroom windows emerge from darkness and hear the muttering motors in the cars of the first volunteers. The alarm of fire in our Alabama night is a personal thing, not the voice of a sleek, red machine that can be shut out with the pillow and then forgotten.

Small town noises are fun. Hurdy-gurdy tunes floating over town on a summer's night are the gypsy call of a carnival



camped down by the creek. The drum roll of our high school band on the morning of a big game is more enthusiastic than any full-grown Army band escorting a visiting shah to the White House.

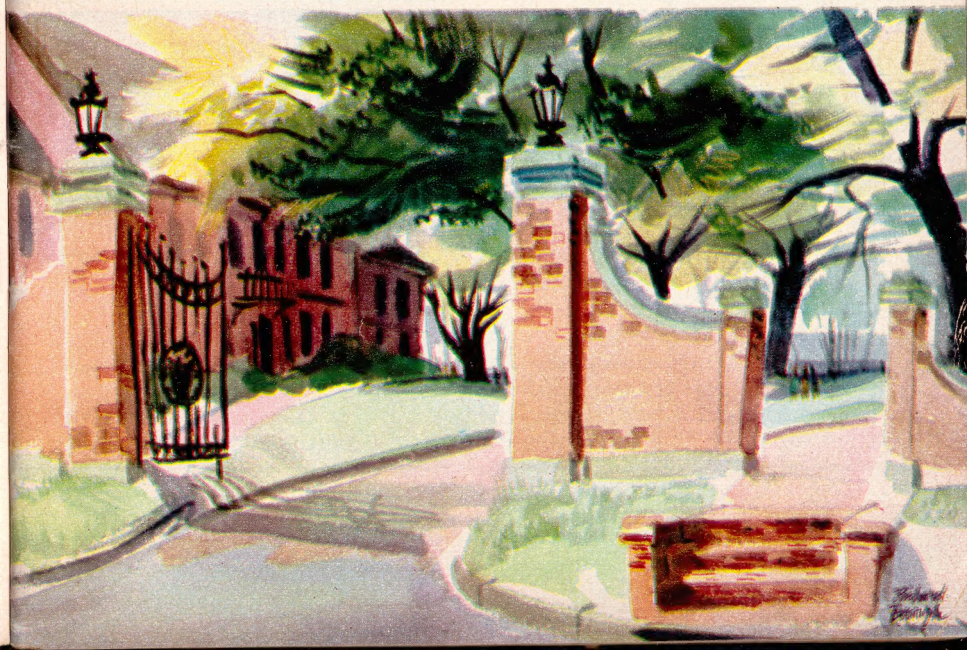
In political season, loud speakers interrupt biscuit-making, school lessons and domino games to herald a Main Street speech in just fifteen minutes, folks. Everybody got a big kick out of the hillbilly band of one candidate and the toy, steam-belching locomotive of another but it was the guy who landed a helicopter in that vacant lot across from the post office who won the governor's seat.

The zing of a bicycle bell means that the grocery boy is here, his basket heavy with brown paper sacks. A triumphant, extra-loud whoosh on the laundry whistle announces, not just an ordinary twelve o'clock, but the magical time of Saturday noon.

There's a certain magic, too, in the strum-strum of a guitar played by a Negro boy to dark store windows and deserted Main Street after the last show in our one movie house (thirty-seven cents apiece and two Westerns every Saturday).

We remember Washington, the exciting glimpse of today's celebrity across a smoky cocktail lounge and the lighted beauty of the city from the windows of an expensive little restaurant on Arlington Ridge Road. We remember long bus queues in the five p.m. twilight and the huddle of a state society in a hotel ballroom, everybody talking of home. We remember Washington, the electric quality of a city acting its drama on a world-wide stage, the thrill of a spectator at the big ringside and the temporary quality of home in an apartment next door to strangers.

In the Spring, when the Birmingham paper carries a picture of cherry blossoms around the Tidal Basin, we'll talk again about running back up for a quick visit. But those are the first swimming days of the year in the wide bend of Shoals Creek down by Big Spring. About that time, too, our whole Main Street closes up one afternoon for the annual town picnic. Who would help with the potato salad if I weren't there? Who would broil dozens and dozens of hot-dogs just the right shade of crackling brown if Larry were way up yonder in Washington? ■



The Farmer's Way in Winter

by Bernhard A. Roth

photographs by Gordon S. Smith

THEY still shoot wildcats in the farmyard, now and then. And every so often they settle differences with a black bear, using double-bladed axes to clinch the unexpected arguments. A legendary panther gets rushed into local print occasionally, but sightings of moose and elk are much more likely up there in the north country—that's what natives call the evergreen attic of New England.

It is also "Currier & Ives" country, one of the last outposts for winter scenes that still include sleighs, pungs, icehouses, wood-burning stoves and buffalo robes. The kids keep right on carrying or wearing skates, snowshoes and skis to school, and Dan'l Boone hats are not TV-inspired.

Cold weather brings out a wild, raw side of the north country that the tourist may only wonder about as he heads southward after the first pinch of frost. The greatest change is in the ways of the wood-

land farmer. Except for a few daily hours of tending the cows in the barn, his schedule is his own, a rigorous, self-imposed struggle to fatten his income in a lean, rough land, much like the land which settlers faced two hundred years before him.

Invariably he turns to his woods. As the whoop-halloo of the last deer-drives echo and die in the hills, he waits for the morning when the temperature will be "three clapboards below the thermometer." Then the ground is solid and the time is ripe for hauling. His sole companion on the icy trails is likely to be a horse that "twitches" timber down the steep hillsides through stumps and brush with amazing agility.

The horse gives a pioneer look to woods work, but light, portable, gasoline chain saws buzz busily in place of the traditional ringing of the axe. And no longer does the wood farmer hack down everything in sight, as did his prodigal

Above right: A few northwoods farmers still make the annual ice harvest. Below right: The ringing axe has given way to the clattering power saw.



When woodland trails freeze solid, hardwood is rushed to local mills→

ancestors. Professional foresters help mark the best stems to cut for immediate and future profits, leaving well spaced, reproductive trees for faster growth and soil conservation. Much of the wood, both hard and soft, in huge 25,000- to 50,000-cord piles that tower over the local mills, comes from neighboring woodlots—the rest from company lands.

Mills still quote prices for logs delivered by “lake or stream,” but most of the big, colorful river drives exist only in the recollections of the oldster. Road improvements plus an extra premium for mill delivery have put the truck in business for keeps.

There’s money in forest farming—depending on the strength, courage and skill of the individual. In New Hampshire a woodlot operator made five hundred dollars out of nine acres of red spruce and balsam fir one winter. The man sandwiched about five weeks’ actual work between his routine chores. With two hundred wooded acres on his place, he will cut the same rate for twenty years without returning to the original lot.

Electric freezers threaten the picturesque practice of ice-harvesting, but it persists in the north country economy, paying a cold, honest dollar to a few farmers who service the many, small local dairies. Except for mechanization, the rigs and procedure haven’t

been altered much since grandfather’s day. And the market is ordinarily so uncompetitive that ice cutters can get full rights to any pond for nothing.

Fishing through the ice and trapping are winter pursuits that give the woods farmer a mixture of fun and fruitful effort. And Junior may occasionally gladden the parental eye as he snowshoes off the line with a thirty-five-dollar beaver hide. Village club and fraternal life proverbially reaches a boiling point only when the resorters have departed. In addition, lantern slide talks and discussions of local land management and improvement, with coffee, doughnuts and the latest hot stove news, are welcome breaks in the grim business of wresting a living from the snow-covered lands.

There’s a brief, biting day and a long frigid night for the north country farmer during nine months of the year, but the life has its unique rewards. Chief among them are the unfailing, breath-taking views of forest land and burly-shouldered mountains against the sky. Almost every window frames a picture. One of these, in the Presidential Range of New Hampshire, is the fabulous alpine glow, a lustrous filmy nightdress that falls across the summits as the sun goes to bed. It’s the north countryman’s way to end a perfect day. ■

Chunky, short-coupled horses earn their keep in northern woodlots→



Patrick Henry's "Red Hill"

by Joseph R. Judge

paintings by Horace Day

PATRICK HENRY, the Revolutionary War patriot who fixed the value of liberty at life itself, lies buried humbly in the family plot at Red Hill, his last home, near Brookneal, Virginia. In the 154 years since his death very little attention of a material sort has been paid to his memory. Now, however, plans are being made for the liveliest possible memorial: Red Hill is to become a home for teen-age boys.

This will be welcome news to those who have visited Henry's grave and felt a twinge of conscience that it should be so modestly marked. The elegant mansion that once graced the 921-acre estate burned in 1919; since then its ruins have crumbled, leaving only yawning holes and brick stairways that make ivy-clad ascents into space. Before and behind the ruins, high boxwood alleys make intricate turns to nowhere, and wrought iron gates swing open to nothing.

At the bottom of a gentle slope is Henry's graveyard—a square, grassy plot guarded on all sides by a high hedge. His mortal remains, in stark contrast to his immaterial heritage, lie in a simple brick sarcophagus covered with weathered marble slab. His wife is buried beside him. A small marker, placed by the Sons of the American Revolution, identifies the grave as that of a "Revolutionary Hero." The prospect of the grave, the ruin, and the hill which gives the estate its name is one of quiet grandeur.

The day I visited Red Hill was gloomy, with an intermittent drizzle of rain. Clouds hung oppressively on the horizon and the clay from Henry's hill surged in red rivulets across the road. Under a lowering sky a rusty gate swung loose from a stout brick pillar. All was decadence and mourning, as though nature realized the value of remembrance, if man did not.

Man is now showing signs of remembering, however. Red

Above right: The grave of Patrick Henry.

Below right: Old boxwood at Red Hill.



Hill was purchased in 1945 by the Patrick Henry Memorial Foundation. In March of 1950 the Foundation's trustees accepted the suggestion of the Reverend Ralph Bellwood, a Baptist minister noted for his rehabilitation of wayward boys and men, that Red Hill become the site of a home similar to Nebraska's famous Boys' Town. Here homeless and problem boys will be given a home and education and a chance to learn farming or a trade, under the direction of Mr. Bellwood. This project and the rebuilding of the mansion will proceed simultaneously as funds become available. The plans of the original house where Patrick Henry lived will be followed.

The Patrick Henry Boys Plantation, as it will be known officially, seems an especially appropriate memorial to Patrick Henry because, as a boy, he himself was something of a problem to his parents. He had little inclination for either work or study, though he had keen powers of observation, a retentive memory, and a passionate love for the outdoors. At twenty-four he had failed once at farming, twice at store-keeping, and was unable to support his wife and family.

However, the boredom of sitting idle behind the counter had driven him to reading, and he decided to become a lawyer, obtaining a license to practice after only six weeks of study. In 1763 he won the celebrated "parsons' cause." That was the beginning of a long career of active participation in colonial and national affairs, distinguished by brilliant oratory and ardent patriotism. His most famous peroration, "I know not what course others will take, but as for me—give me liberty or give me death!" was delivered before the second Virginia Convention of 1775, in a plea for "embodying, arming and disciplining" a Virginia militia against the tyrannies of England.

When Patrick Henry purchased Red Hill in 1794 the estate was at the edge of the wilderness, which must have suited him exactly because his love of the outdoors had never diminished. He lived here the last three years of his life—a gentleman farmer, land speculator, and lawyer. His law office is the only original building still standing at Red Hill.

On the slab covering the grave of this man who, more than any other, kindled the flame of independence in the minds of his countrymen, is the legend: "Fame his best epitaph." The Patrick Henry Boys Plantation will eventually provide him with a less dignified but considerably more articulate memorial, and one which he himself would surely have approved.



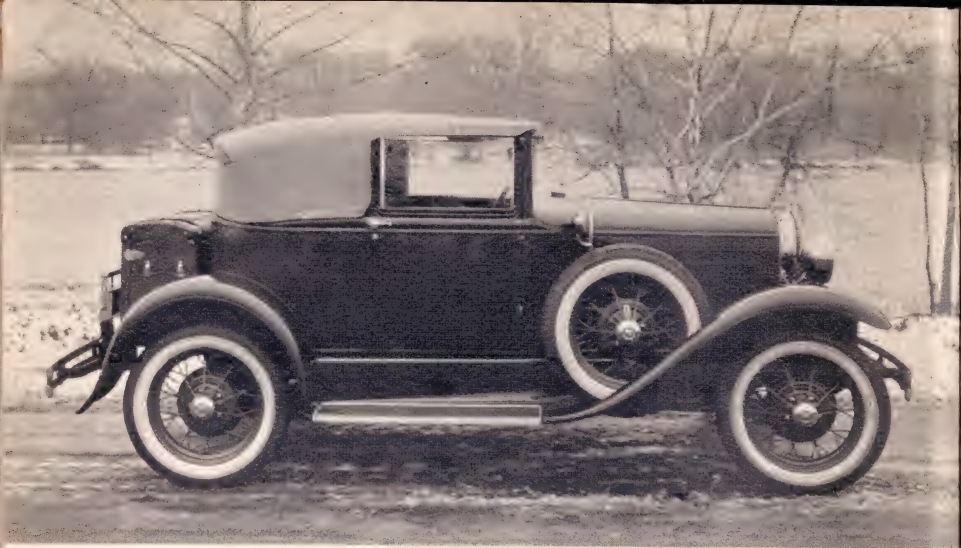
photograph by Hal Nielson

The Town of the Cut Glass Yankees – a one-picture story

AMONG collectors of antiques, and in fact among all persons interested in American craftsmanship, Sandwich means glass. From 1825 to 1888, the little Cape Cod town used a secret formula to turn out some of the most beautiful glass the world has ever seen. Even today, visitors rake through the old factory grounds for the shards of a bottle or vase.

Glass isn't the only thing beautiful about Sandwich; the town itself is a find. In the graceful spire of the church shown above and in the house with the small and cozy window panes, you have the kind of architecture which gives the finest account of New England.

Sandwich is just a couple of miles from the "mainland" after you cross the Cap Cod Canal at Sagamore. ■



CUSTOM CONVERSIONS

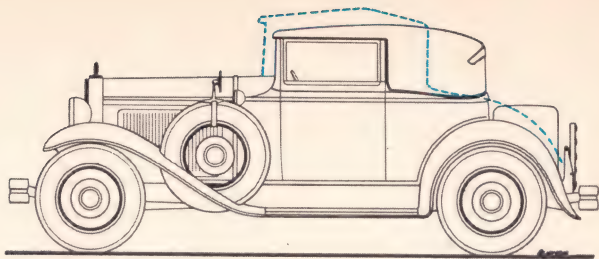
by Burgess H. Scott

IN 1930 Gordon Buehrig, then body designer for the Duesenberg automobile firm in Indianapolis, bought a new Model A two-passenger convertible coupe. He drove the original car only from the Ford dealership to the August Duesenberg race car shop, where he made the changes evident in the photograph above.

Buehrig, now with Ford Motor Company, believes this car is one of the first carefully planned and executed custom conversions—perhaps even the first.

When his conversion was completed the car had the same wheelbase and overall length, yet it was lowered three inches, had a hood four inches longer, more trunk space, and a seating capacity increased from two to three passengers.

The car's original rear deck was removed and the body cavity was lengthened to consume about half of this space to allow for the third seat in which, as shown in the photograph at lower right, the passenger sat crosswise of the chassis. In lowering the car Buehrig used underslung seat springs, which posed a clearance problem in the rear compartment involving the driveshaft and the rear transverse spring. The shaft was



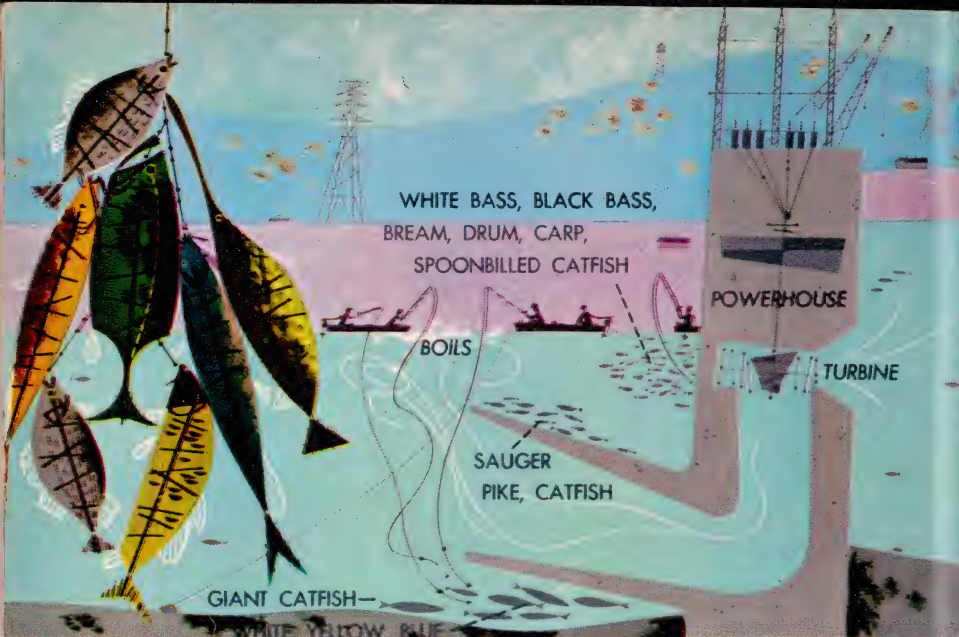
cleared by building a tunnel in the floor, and an armrest and tool box were added, the lower portions of which formed a housing for the cross spring.

The original posts and windshield were lowered three inches, and a new convertible top was added, using the original middle bow and a new bow in back. The rear of the body was formed from sheet aluminum, and genuine leather was used for upholstery and covering the specially constructed trunk.

With the addition of a Harry Miller overhead valve cylinder head, the smart little custom job clocked a top speed of 85 mph. Buehrig drove the car 89,000 miles before he sold it in 1933 to a man who drove it to California.

The last word on its whereabouts came some time later when Buehrig learned it was seen at a movie studio parking lot in Hollywood. If any reader has late information on this car, a report on its location and condition will be appreciated. ■





Cutaway view of Pickwick Dam and fishing prospects.

HOW TO FISH A HYDRO-DAM

*by Emmett Gowen
paintings by Charles Harper*

IN the early morning I scouted in my Aluma Craft boat before the face of the powerhouse of Pickwick Landing Dam on the lower Tennessee River. The river was boiling up idly, which meant that the turbines were not yet running. Beware the placid waters above shut-down turbines. I stayed back, waiting.

Presently the river's flow was released for the day. A violent mixture of air and water exploded upward, throwing fish into the air. In a few minutes the turbulence died down.

The place teemed with fish—striking, splashing, knocking

shad minnows into the air. I maneuvered my boat in behind the boils, and tied to bolt heads projecting from the cleats of bypass gates. At some hydro-electric dams this is not allowed, at some it is impossible. At Pickwick it is done.

The shad minnows were there, a continuous procession. I dipped some to use for bait. I used a leader and a light wire hook, and hooked on a minnow. No sinker. A swift and heavy strike resulted. The fish sounded. Then it came up and flashed on the surface. It was a white bass stripe, full four-pound size. I brought him in.

I had the system for below-dam stripes: three small white jigs strung in a row on a long leader and manipulated with a glass flyrod. You don't have to believe it, but I caught three stripes at one cast. Then they got wise and left.

I went back to my system of letting a sinkerless bait wash along the wall. This time I hooked a two-pound drum. Taken from the clear, clean impounded water, drum are as good to eat as anything else.

I noticed a larger and different kind of minnow in my collection. It was an infant skipjack. What would it do? Apparently nothing. It washed the full width of the port for the by-pass gate. Then something hit; I hit back. Then I ducked. A smallmouth broke water so violently, so high, so close, he nearly hit me in the face. After heavy and repeated turnings, I finally slipped a net under him.

I flicked a short cast to the corner in which the smallmouth had struck. Just as it disappeared, something carried it down with force. I fought it with the fragile tip, thinking it was a bass, and finally it surfaced—a catfish! It was a beautiful blue, gold tinted, speckled and fork-tailed channel cat.

Four or five carp had joined the melee, so I dropped a minnow in front of their assembled faces. In his greed, one carp failed to live up to the caution of the species. That carp went down and away with a violence surpassing the smallmouth bass. Finally, I got this fish.

I caught more drum, more stripes, and one more smallmouth. Finally I returned to the purpose of my trip, which was to catch one of those big white catfish below the boils.

I went back to Press Crott's picturesque camp below the dam. Then I skinned some skipjacks and made fillets for bait. I used big game tackle—a beryllium copper medium boat rod, a four-0 Penn reel, 70-pound test Ashaway Zane Grey line, a pound of sinker, a nine-0 hook.



←*Fishing lines and hydro lines below Pickwick Dam.*

I pushed into the turbulence until my boat bobbed uncomfortably, until I could look down into dangerous whirlpools. I dropped the pound of sinker into one of them. Sometimes even a pound of sinker will not go down in the uprushing water to where the fish lie against the edge of the concrete shape that diverts the water upward.

I made three runs. No luck. On the fourth, the sinker went down until I felt the bottom. Quickly it hung bottom—I thought. I put the motor into gear and tried to hold in the current, but the hang came alive. The effect was a strike as hard as a sailfish's. To his deep, fast fighting, a white cat adds a technique of rolling over and over with an incredible speed. Up again, down again. Finally I had him in a big landing net, and noticed that other boats, with anglers new to the game, had come up to watch, as they do at Pickwick whenever anyone ties into a big one.

That evening, before dark, I went up the river after big yellow cat. Drop three of the larger run of shad minnows down a yellow cat hole and sometimes something happens. At ten o'clock the turbines were idled down and the river began to fall rapidly. When this occurred the yellow catfish traffic began on the deep apron.

I caught a four-pounder and a fifteen-pounder. Then my anchor began slipping and I quickly hauled it into the boat. I had another idea, anyway. Slowly, back and forth, I would troll along that wall. However I hadn't started to recover from a drift to the end next to the boil when I had one. It was a big fish and I played him with the motor, finally dragging him up to a commercial fisherman's boat and hollering for help on the landing net. This fish was not one of the biggest ones, but he weighed twenty-eight pounds.

I called it a day—a great fishing day. I had tried as many of the new hydro-impoundment how-tos as I could crowd in. I had caught 140 pounds of fish for my frozen food locker. But this was by no means all of the new stuff around such dams. There remains the fishing above the dam at the intake, which carries on a gigantic skimming operation and brings a litter of insects, which bring minnows. After the minnows come schools of stripes; also black bass, bream, skipjack, crappie. A hydro-dam intake is a flyrod paradise. ■

←*Fishing "the boils" is inland big game fishing.*



←photograph by Kenneth Bell

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☆ *Americamera* ☆

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On Location with the Ford Theatre

IN each issue the FORD TIMES reserves a few two-page spaces, like this page and the one opposite, for an "Americamera"—a brief report on some topic or place that will be of interest to the millions of traveling Americans. This time the subject is not travel at all, but one of America's favorite living-room pastimes—watching TV.

The pictures shown opposite were taken "backstage" during the preparation of Ford Theatre television shows. Both of the programs in production when the photographs were taken have already been presented on the air, and persons who make the Ford Theatre a regular weekly habit will probably recognize the scenes.

The upper picture was shot on the set for "Heart of Gold." Anita Louise is in front of the camera with Tommy Rettig and Beverly Washburn. The lower picture was taken during the filming of "Girl in the Park," which had Joan Caulfield and Herbert Marshall in the starring roles, with Robert Stevenson as director. The shows, which are first filmed and then presented on TV, are being made in the Columbia Pictures studios.

Throughout the months, the Ford Theatre has been bringing some of the country's most gifted actors and actresses into American homes. Among them have been Wanda Hendryx, Jackie Cooper, Mercedes McCambridge, Louis Hayward, Laraine Day, Virginia Field, Barbara Hale, Will Rogers, Jr., Edward Arnold, Diana Lynn and Dick Haymes. In addition to the celebrated people who appear in front of the cameras, there is a distinguished list of writers at work on the half-hour dramas. ■

←photograph by Homer Van Pelt



The prairie blizzard struck without warning.

Stranger, Read It!

by Josephine Robertson

paintings by Elmer Halvorson

IN THE little town of Center, North Dakota, a few feet from the door of the county courthouse, there stands a stone memorial which bears the following inscription:

In Memory of Hazel Miner
April 11, 1904
March 16, 1920

There is more to Hazel Miner's memorial than meets the eye. The unique inscription goes on to point this out. In fact, it states plainly that Hazel's story is told in detail in the county's "Miscellaneous Records."

This is what happened:

In mid-March, 1920, the North Dakota winter relaxed to offer an omen of spring. The sky was full of promise. The earth warmed under the snow, and gave forth its haunting scents. Such was the weather when Hazel Miner, aged fifteen, hitched up the family horse and, with her small brother and sister, drove the two miles to the little Consolidated School.

But by the end of the afternoon session, the sky had grown dark, and the bleak wind blew snow from the heavy clouds. For the trip home, Hazel bundled the two children in heavy clothes. Soon after they started, the blizzard struck in full force.

The prairie was vast, the landmarks few. With darkness coming down, the road was hard to follow.

There was a sudden jolt, and Hazel climbed from the sled to discover that the harness had slipped. She readjusted the harness and started on—but they had lost the road.

For a time, she led the horse through heavy drifts in a fruitless search for the road. The snow swirled like spilled veils, and Hazel's hands and feet grew numb with the cold.

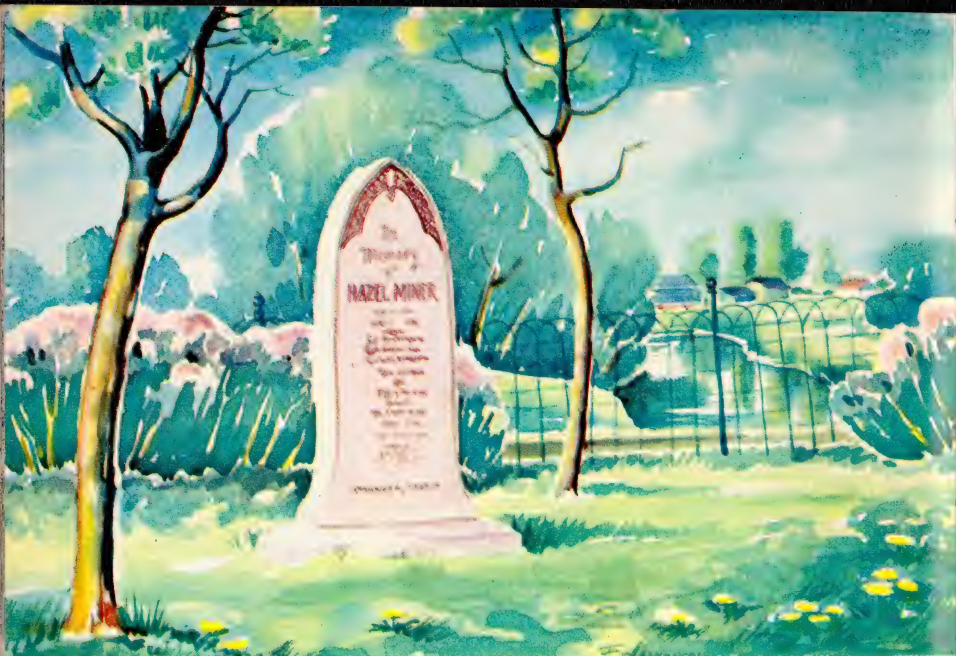
Again there was a heavy jolt. In the darkness the sled had run against an obstruction and tipped over. Together, the three children tried to right it, but its weight was too great for their slender strength.

Hazel knew that when daylight came searchers would comb the countryside and find them. It remained for her to keep the children alive through the night.

With the storm and cold increasing, she spread two blankets in the scant shelter of the overturned sled. She instructed her brother and sister to lie down and then she spread the third blanket over them. She told the children to keep moving in their bed and to stay awake. Then Hazel lay down beside them, warming them with her warmth, talking to them to keep them awake—then talking less and less, until at last she was silent.

The lost children did not know that their father had ridden to the school that afternoon to guide them home. He had arrived just after they left. Nor did they know that a party of neighbors had set out in search of them. The search party had to give up after night came, but in the first light of morning thirty men set out to comb the drifted prairie.

In the great sweep of snow, the searchers came upon dim and drifted tracks. Next they sighted the horse, standing patiently by the overturned sled.



The stone marker near the courthouse at Center, North Dakota

On the frost-encrusted blankets in the shelter of the sled, they found the body of Hazel Miner, lying protectively across her brother and sister, who were alive.

Center, North Dakota, thirty-five miles northwest of Bismarck, is the county seat, but its population is less than one thousand. It seems a lonely, isolated town, and the prairie rolls endlessly westward. However, a stream flows through Center, and the trees around the old-fashioned white courthouse are a welcome sight.

Just inside the courthouse stands a shelf of tall, musty ledgers. In one of these is the story of Hazel Miner. The elderly Registrar of Deeds, who wrote the detailed and moving account, knew Hazel as his daughter's playmate.

The two children who survived are adults now, and living far away. Hazel lies with her parents in a quiet cemetery on the edge of town, her grave unmarked.

"Kind of a quiet girl, she was," recalled the Registrar. "Sort of motherly, for one so young."

Hazel's monument, beside the courthouse, is unobtrusive

and unadorned. No garden planting graces the stone. No flowers, unless they are wildflowers, blossom at its base.

The memorial stone was presented sixteen years after Hazel's death by former Governor Hanna. The inscription is unique, and one that makes the thoughtful traveler pause:

IN MEMORY OF HAZEL MINER . . . TO THE DEAD A
TRIBUTE . . . TO POSTERITY AN INSPIRATION . . .

So far, the inscription runs in a pattern as old as headstones above the whispering grasses of cemeteries everywhere. Yet it ends with an admonition, a swift and arresting command that halts the wayfarer, then turns his steps toward the courthouse door, hard by.

THE STORY OF HER . . . HEROIC DEATH . . . IS RECORDED
IN THE ARCHIVES OF OLIVER COUNTY ON PAGES 130-131, BOOK H,
MISCELLANEOUS RECORDS . . . STRANGER, READ IT!



"Ford Treasury of the Outdoors"

"GIVE Me Snowshoes!" demands Richard L. Neuberger.
"Skis for Me," writes Frank Elkins.

"Let's Go Goggling," coaxes George X. Sand.

"I'd Rather Go Crabbing," says Samuel Hopkins Adams while Dick Splaine urges, "Take Your Fly Rod to Florida!" and Frank Reck warns, "Get the Right Tent!"

All these quotes are actual titles from the "Ford Treasury of the Outdoors," a collection of sixty-five stories on fishing, hunting, camping and wildlife which have appeared in the FORD TIMES during the past five years. The book, recently published by Simon and Schuster, is of interest to the avid sportsman, the stroller who just likes the outdoors, and the armchair specialist who merely likes to read about it.

The "Treasury" is pocket-size and cloth-bound, with 256 pages and 150 illustrations in full color. It is available at bookstores and department stores for \$2.00, or directly from the publishers at the same price, postpaid. The address is Simon and Schuster, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, New York.



Unpredictable Underwater Fowl

by Bernadine Bailey

paintings by Elizabeth B. Warren

"**M**ULLET on the beach! Mullet on the beach!" When the cryer, and the ringing of cathedral bells—and their modern counterparts, radio and newspaper bulletins—spread the word, young men and old drop their everyday pursuits and hasten to the ocean. Work can wait, but mullet appear only briefly at unpredictable times.

It is no wonder that fishermen are so eager, for when the mullet are running, one can easily net a hundred fish in a few minutes. The expert caster wades into the ocean, sometimes waist deep, before flinging his net which is weighted with leads around the edge. Casting takes skill, long practice, and considerable strength. The wide-open net quickly sinks to the bottom and the fisherman then pulls the edges together with a cord attached to his wrist. He drags the net up out of the water, and removes the catch on the beach.

On the east coast of Florida, mullet average a pound apiece; on the Gulf side, they run up to four or five pounds. Casting for mullet is most successful if done on the incoming tide, when the fish whirl through little channels and on into the sloughs or still pools on the beach. It is also good when there are violent breakers and the fish are unable to see the swooping net. A school of mullet is readily located, for they leap out of the water in sheer exuberance. They also jump to escape their enemies, and will occasionally land in a rowboat.

Often called "pop-eyes" or "poor man's pompano," mullet are delicious to eat when simply broiled. Or they can be marinated in a special sauce, then dried, brushed with olive oil, and broiled over charcoal. Another popular way is to roll the fish in corn meal and fry in deep fat.

The mullet is the only fish that has a gizzard. One fisherman who was liable for a heavy fine after using a seine to catch mullet in fresh water, argued that because of its gizzard mullet is really a fowl, not a fish. The case was dismissed! ■



Way Stop for Listeners

To listen to the song and sound of the land is to add enjoyment and enlightenment to any journey. The Saturday night country dances offer the music and rhythm of the region. The minstrels are home-grown country musicians, story tellers and entertainers. Such a man is Maine's Ven Smith, pictured above by John Holmgren, with a few of his home-made instruments. The story of Ven Smith, and what his varied music offers the wayfaring listener, begins on the opposite page.

Minstrel of Southern Maine

by Edmund Ware Smith

drawings by John Holmgren

THE MUSICAL SAW, with its vaudeville and high jinks history, seems more like an act than an instrument. It has no security in great symphony orchestras. It lacks the sobriety of the oboe and violin, and is sorely wanting in tradition. One tends to judge it lightly as a trick from the sticks, a stunt instrument with rumors of Sweet Adeline and hillbilly corn.

Thus it is all the more astonishing that the musical saw is now being played with dignity and reverence in certain churches of southern Maine. The man who brought about this phenomenon is a fifty-six-year-old South Parsonsfield farmer named Ven Raymond Smith. He plays the saw with a fiddle bow to the accompaniment of the church organ, and his haunting, tremulous hymn music touches the hearts and brings tears to the eyes of devout people in a dozen pine-fringed communities.

Ven Smith regards his church playing in a different light from his other musical activities. Separate and distinct, this is his offering to community religion, a serious achievement growing from a long career as an entertainer, trick musician, and country dance fiddler.

In the little, immaculate, wood-burning towns—Parsonsfield, Limerick, Kezar Falls, Steep Falls, West Baldwin, Hiram, Cornish—this kindly man's varied gift for music, in or out of church, has a quality that radio and television miss. This quality is concerned with rural community life and its interpretation. You could call Ven Smith a minstrel of the country roads of Maine.

He is six feet tall, with weathered cheeks, blue-gray eyes and a warm, open smile. He bears a facial resemblance to Dwight D. Eisenhower. His expressive hands move constantly as he talks of deer hunting, country personalities, farming, music, church. These, and his wife and children, are his chief interests.

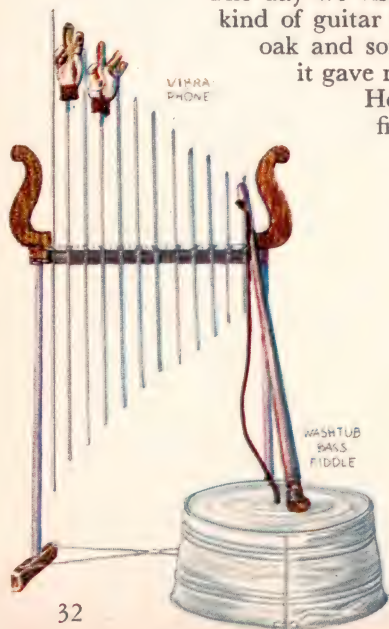
Ven's musical versatility is entertainment in itself. He plays

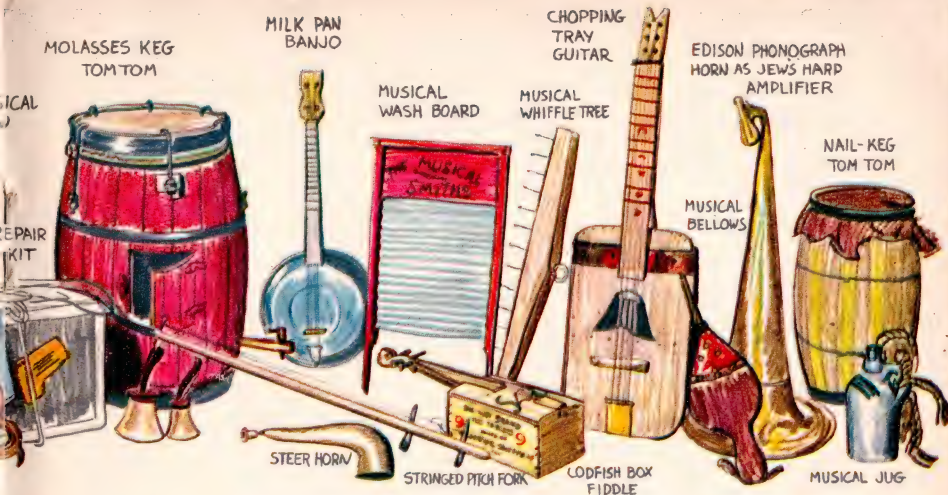


at least thirty-three different instruments, most of which he invented himself and manufactured on the living room floor of his old, sequestered farmhouse in South Parsonsfield.

The day we visited Ven, he had just constructed a kind of guitar from a wooden lard tub, a stick of oak and some steel strings. In his deft fingers, it gave music.

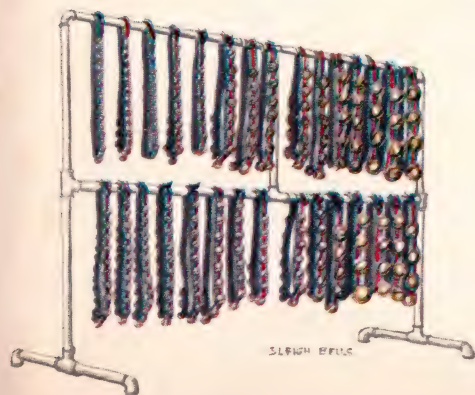
He showed us other instruments: the fireplace bellows, which he blew across his mouth to produce tunes; a guitar made from an old,





wooden chopping tray; a snare drum which had once been a tin container for bon bons; a fiddle contrived from a Gorton's codfish box; a pitch fork with strings, which he played against a small wooden box for resonance. The box still bore the imprint of The Atlantic White Chalk Company. Ven's wife, Edith, has been a country school teacher for twenty-nine years—which accounts for the chalk box.

To this inventive countryman, anything concave is potentially an instrument. A lard tub is not a lard tub at all, but a resonance chamber. He has made instruments from buckets, cans, and assorted kitchenware. A frying pan is not for bacon,



but for banjo. He has derived tuneful gadgets from everything except brass. If there is any hate in Ven Smith, it's for brass wind instruments. A hot trumpet leaves him so cold he shivers. But for strings of fibre, gut or steel, his fingers beckon and his toe begins to tap.

A fire burned in Ven's living room fireplace. You could smell woodsmoke, and the wood was pine. The wind haunted the eaves outside and you knew it had been doing so, winter and summer, for a hundred and fifty years.

There were candles and bric-a-brac on the mantelpiece, an oil lamp on a table, and a lot of books. One of these was Eloise Linscott's, "Folk Songs of Old New England." Ven Smith and his wife assisted in its compilation.

The mounted deer head on the wall over near the piano didn't have a rifle across the antlers, but a fiddle bow hung from one horn. Where a sofa might have been, a galaxy of tuned sleigh bells depended from a frame of jointed water pipes. A violin occupied a chair, and a bull fiddle bulked in a corner.

The sheet music on the piano was not so much for the study of sharps and flats as for lyrics. Ven Smith can't read a note of music, and has never had a formal lesson on any instrument. His first inspiration came from an oldtime country fiddler named Jim Cole. As a small boy, Ven used to go down to Cornish and listen to old Jim by the hour.

To earn his first, store-made instrument, Ven sold laundry bluing from house to house, five cents a package, for bleaching Monday's wash. How many dirt road miles did Ven walk to own a jerry-built violin, harmonica, or mandolin?

One day in the town of Newfield, nearly fifty years ago, eight-year-old Ven heard music coming from the country store. He trudged in. Harry Moulton, the storekeeper, was alone, playing the cello. Ven listened, rapt and wistful.

When a customer entered and claimed the storekeeper's attention, Ven inched toward the cello. He couldn't resist it. He picked it up and began to play; and his music must have been something to hear, because when the customer departed, Harry Moulton retrieved his cello and wordlessly handed young Ven a fine violin.

Among the cookie barrels and counters of bolted calico, the candy jars and nail kegs, they played together all afternoon—the country storekeeper, and the boy with music in his heart.



"Ven," said the storekeeper, at closing time, "do you own a good fiddle?"

"No, Mr. Moulton, not a very good one."

"Yes, you do, son. You're holding it in your hand."

That's how Ven Smith came by his first real fiddle. That day in his living room, he told us about it, and concluded by saying: "I've still got it, too."

When Ven married Edith and sons and daughters came along, all learned music more or less by contagion. Presently a family orchestra was formed and entitled, "The Singing Smiths." Ven's wife showed us a photograph depicting Alice, Louise, Raymond, Arnold, Ven and their instruments.

In the old days, before the children married and moved away, the Smiths used to play at dances, lodges, and Grange festivals. In winter they often suffered the hardships of a country doctor. They traveled in bitter cold, in blizzards, in a Model T beach wagon, in which they installed the original heating system—twenty or so jugs filled with piping hot water.

Coming home on zero nights when the snow had drifted, the transmission bands in the old car would all but give out on the last, long hill. Or the engine would heat up and spout steam in the starlight. Then Arnold would jump out, run ahead, and come back with the horse. They'd hook a logging chain to the front axle, and they'd make the barn by daylight. Ven and the boys would milk the cows and do the chores in the frosty sunrise, and they'd all go to bed after breakfast.

In recent years, with the family scattered, Ven has been going it alone. Once, a band of entertainers failed to appear for an engagement at East Hiram. The committee prevailed upon Ven Smith. It was short notice, but in a one-man performance that lasted three hours, he played through his entire aggregation of thirty-three instruments, and told stories besides.

Nowadays, on Saturday nights, Ven has a standing engagement to play the fiddle at the country dance in the hall at West Baldwin. The orchestra is suspended on a platform from the ceiling. You go up on a ladder, and Ven pulls the ladder up after you, and they begin to play.

There's Bill Aspinall on the xylophone and drums, Ellie Harris at the piano, and Ven Smith fiddling.

For stimulant, this back country orchestra shares a brown paper bag of white peppermints. The keys of the xylophone dance and sing. The piano beats it out. The resin dust from Ven's bow thickens below the bridge of his fiddle, and the

boot toes tap out the rhythm of the pine woods communities and the hills beyond.

It's a dusty hall, with naked B-X cable, cobwebs, and galvanized iron plug-ins. A sign says, "Lady Patrons May Ask Gents to Dance If You Have No Partner." The floor shakes to the feet of young and old, and in the rafters, joists and hand hewn collar beams, there is Turkey in the Straw, forever.

But Ven doesn't talk about his dance playing, or his trick instruments, in the same way that he talks of his church playing with the musical saw against the organ background. His favorite selections for church are, "The Old Rugged Cross," "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere," "Beyond the Sunset," and "Abide with Me."

As he speaks of playing them on a Sunday morning in the white church down the stonewalled road, you can feel and respect Ven Smith's devotion. His tone changes, and his eyes change. His voice is different, and it changes you.

"When the music fills the church," Ven said, "It gets quiet out there, and I see the heads bowing down, and—I can't seem to say it. It's just the feeling that I am for some good. I guess it's my religion."



Elephant Rocks and Elephant Feet

by Robert C. Zeiting

TO AMERICAN PIONEERS the elephant, remembered from the circuses of a far-off childhood, was the standard of bigness. When settlers reached southeastern Missouri and found huge masses of granite crudely sculptured into odd shapes by wind and water, they naturally called them the Elephant Rocks.

These formations are to be found about ninety-five miles south of St. Louis on State Highway 21, near Graniteville, which is a town literally built upon, and out of, granite. It clusters below the summit of Granite Hill, and its schoolhouse, post office and many of its stores and homes are built of granite. The quarry which produces this enduring building material, as well as the headstones which assure the town a payroll, has been in operation since 1868.

The Elephant Rocks have long provided a favorite field trip for geology students, since they offer impressive and abundant specimens of a type of erosion known as exfoliation. In this, the weathering effects of wind and water alter the exposed surfaces of the rocks and cause them to scale off.

The Elephant Feet in the Navajo Indian Reservation of northern Arizona come more honestly by their name. Not only are these sandstone pillars elephantine—and then some—but their shape unmistakably suggests the forefeet of some gigantic, weary pachyderm stranded in the desert. The “feet” have vertical divisions resembling toes, and the “legs” are weathered to suggest baggy, wrinkled skin. A hundred miles farther on, near Rainbow Natural Bridge, are formations resembling various other parts of elephant anatomy which a visitor can assemble in his imagination into an unthinkable large whole.

*Above right: Missouri's Elephant Rocks (photo by Robert C. Zeiting).
Below right: Northern Arizona's Elephant Feet (photo by Josef Muench).*



ELLINOR VILLAGE

by Jackson Rivers

ON U.S. A1A at Ormond Beach on the east coast of Florida is a self-contained village of 286 buildings, upwards of fourteen streets and drives, a complete shopping center, a newspaper, a country club with a fine golf course and swimming pool, a stretch of Daytona Beach's famed white sand, with surf when the wind is east—and baby sitters, by the hour or day.

Named for Merrill F. Ellinor and the late Byron Ellinor, the two brothers who conceived and built it, Ellinor Village is Florida's first, year-round family vacation resort. The 286 buildings offer 650 units, or villas, for families of from two to eight individuals. Thus, the total population of Ellinor Village is about 3,000.

When Merrill Ellinor, a highly successful Ford dealer of Valdosta, Georgia, went through the Ford plant in Dearborn in 1940, he got the idea for building Ellinor Village by means of adapting assembly line methods to housing. The result was that, starting from scratch on the sand, the village was completed in ten months and three weeks. It opened May 1, 1949—and was filled June 12.

But perhaps the real phenomenon of Ellinor Village is that despite the speed of its construction, it has none of the regimentation, or transient aspect of a housing project. Its villas are of sound, painted brick, its landscaping attractive, and its architecture, which you could call mission modern, extremely pleasing.

There is a distinct feeling of permanence about Ellinor Village. Even though it was planned for vacationing, the

*Above right: Samples of Ellinor Village's sound, white brick villas.
Below right: Swimming, beach sailing, on miles of patrolled beach.*



Living room of typical Ellinor Village family villa →

atmosphere is such that you could move into one of the villas and call it home—for a week or a month. In fact, many families rent units on a year-round basis.

Ellinor Village's roads and drives have curves in them, a fact which adds much to the attractiveness of its layout. The villas and lawns thus take on individuality. Obviously, someone really cares about the distinction of the village. One, besides Merrill Ellinor himself, is Mr. William DeCoudres, Ellinor Village's managing director.

DeCoudres is a stocky, light-complexioned, blue-eyed man in his middle thirties. Ellinor Village is his purpose, and his life's work.

"And," he says, "I like my work."

His managerial and organizing skill are unobtrusively apparent everywhere—from the smoothly-run dining room at the country club to the selection of life guards on the white beach.

The brick villas are completely equipped for housekeeping, light or full scale. They have electric kitchens and tile baths with shower and tub. All living rooms have sofa beds.

There is color, gayety and motion each day at the new shopping center, where you can shop in your bathing suit, get a hairdo, send a telegram, buy pork chops or catering service, or rent time in a Laundromat.

Aside from domestic facilities there are sport facilities—swimming, beach sailing, fishing, boating, tennis on championship courts, golf on the fine eighteen-hole course, membership free. It goes without saying that Ellinor Village is approved by the AAA, as well as by its visitors.

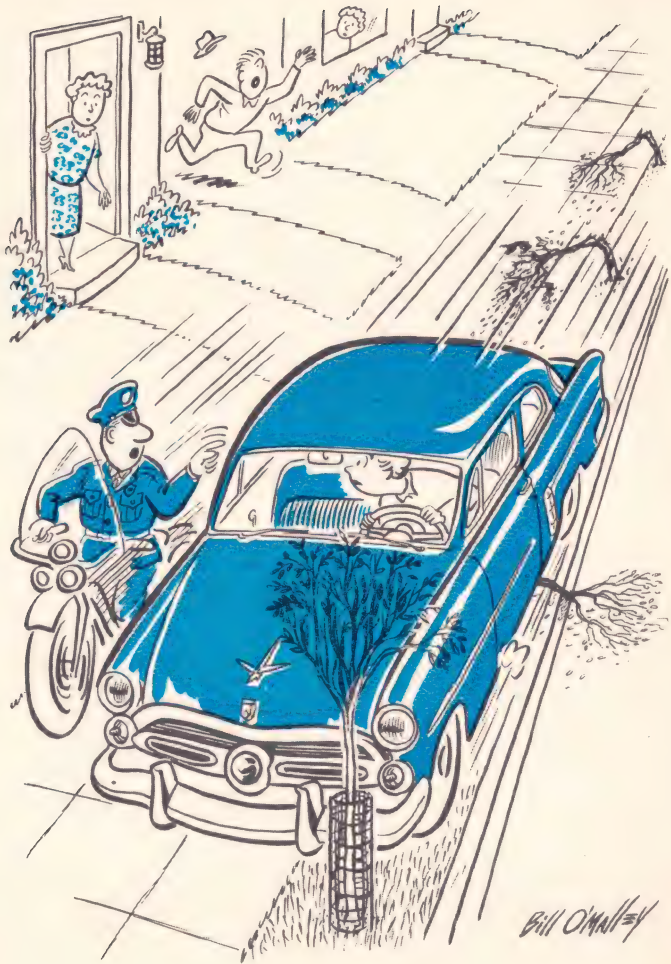
Along toward the tail end of a rough northern winter, when someone in the family says, "Wouldn't it be nice to head down toward the sun and melt a little of the sleet out of our bones?" someone else often says, "Yes, but so many places discourage kids who act human."

Well, here's a quotation from the Ellinor Village newspaper: "Pack up the car and the kids . . . whether they be one or a dozen, and bring the family dog. You're all welcome, each and every one of you."

For detailed information, address Mr. C. W. DeCoudres, Ellinor Village, Ormond Beach, Florida. ■

The eighteen-hole golf course is open to guests →





"Pull over to the street, lady."



The Artful Whitetail

by George Heinold

paintings by Charles Culver

MOTHER NATURE overlooked few of the acts which delight us when she gave wild creatures their talents. Squirrels became men on flying trapezes; otters, aquadists; foxes, Houdinis; black bears, comedians. For nearly every human performer there is an animal understudy.

The Old Lady would be stumped, however, to find a

human understudy for the routines of the white-tailed deer. Such a person would need to be both ballerina and super-athlete. Among the feats he'd have to duplicate would be leaps of seventeen feet, hurdles over nine-foot fences, swims across six-mile lakes, and runs of four miles done in less than ten minutes.

Vegetarians may point with

pride to the fact that the tremendous vitality of the whitetail comes from a diet which consists mainly of brushwood, twigs, leaves of trees, buds, mast, vegetables, acorns, and water plants. What isn't generally known is that deer are fond of fish. It happened to be on a Friday evening that another angler and I discovered a doe filching the trout on our camp porch. A young buck, however, was a competent fisherman in his own right. Wading a shallow stream filled with spring-run suckers, he would strike and stun a fish with his forefeet. Then starting with the head, he would chew it down and seek another.

The whitetail is shrewd. If human, he'd be a good poker player. I saw one outbluff a pair of hunters while I stood on a hilltop with binoculars. The men had stumbled on a buck snoozing in his daytime bed. That deer took off like a rocket, jumped over a stone wall, and bounded away as though headed for Ontario. Once out of the hunters' sight, he quickly sneaked into a clump of cedar and stood there while the men raced past in pursuit. The deer was back in his bed before it cooled.

There's a true story of a northwoods deer that was named Bambi by two game wardens, who had shared their lunches with the creature and introduced it to their children. On opening day there was much shooting in Bambi's grazing territory. Anxious, the

wardens stopped several cars. No Bambi lashed in the trunk or across the hood of any of them. A truck drew up, and a hunter called: "Here's Bambi."

The warden's pet, hale and hearty, stood at the rear of the truck, his one-horned head inside the open rear.

"He's been trotting behind, head inside, for miles," said the hunter. "I didn't have the heart to shoot."

It is the whitetail who today holds the uneasy honor of being our leading big-game animal. Wildlife's nose counters estimate that his herd has swelled to above six million, doubling since 1915. The recreational value of deer hunting is so great that New York State alone puts a price tag of more than a billion dollars on its whitetail herd. Conservation officials in both state and federal employ are very proud of the part they've played in the whitetail's upswing.

I daresay, however, that their efforts would have been scratched at the outset if white-tailed does had gone on sit-down strikes. It is the does who guarantee white-tailed dividends by producing from one to three fawns every spring. What is more, they have the sole responsibility of feeding, raising, and protecting them, for the bucks, after siring their heirs in the autumn, dismiss parental duties from their minds.

In a hedgerow on the fringes of my father's Connecticut farm,

a doe gave birth to twin fawns one June. Her young lay quietly in their nest for several weeks, uncomplaining that the mother came to suckle them only five or six times a day. Infrequent visits to the young are due to no lack of solicitude: the doe is too wise to betray their whereabouts to enemies by laying more trails than necessary of her own scent.

One day the mother doe proved that her fawns, though often out of sight, were never out of mind. A snooping dog snuffled the thickets near where the babies lay. The dog was getting uncomfortably close when he barked shrilly at a scampering chipmunk. Hardly

had the echoes of his first cries died away before the doe came rushing to the scene. Yelping louder than ever, the dog rushed to attack her. Rearing on her hind legs, the doe struck the dog a blow with her chisel-edge forefeet that left a bloody gash on his neck. He fled yowling in terror.

After that incident the mother doe found a new hiding place for her fawns. I didn't see them again until, several months later, they had grown large and fleet enough to run from danger. The doe acted as though she was very proud of her contribution to the world. Who is there to deny her the right to her pride? ■





Sculptor Marks Ford's 50th Year

THE observance this year of Ford Motor Company's fiftieth anniversary will center to a great extent in the Ford Rotunda, the cylindrical stone structure that figures largely in the memories and snapshots of a million visitors annually.

Toward this end, the interior and a large part of the exterior and grounds are being redesigned and landscaped. Notable among the interior decorations will be sixteen massive sculptured reliefs portraying the basic industries that contribute to the building of a Ford car or truck.

Thus, wall space of the Rotunda's circular inner court will be ringed with sculpture groups depicting the industries of petroleum, wood, metals, agriculture, electric power, plastics, transportation, and so on, through the list of basic industries.

The sculptor who designed and is now completing this im-

posing sculptural record is Marshall Fredericks of Birmingham, Michigan, for nine years a teacher of sculpture at Cranbrook Academy of Art, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan; and recipient of the fine arts gold medal of the American Institute of Architects, the nation's highest sculpture award. Photographs on these pages show Fredericks at work on some of the reliefs in his studio.

The creation of each unit of this project involves the handling and forming of thousands of pounds of such seemingly inartistic materials as clay, plaster, burlap, steel pipe, and excelsior. The work starts with a small drawing which, when projected through a lens, can be enlarged to any desired size. The drawing is thus thrown on a large wooden background and the enlargement is penciled on to form the basis of the work.

Fredericks builds up the actual-size model on this board, using about a thousand pounds of special sculptor's clay. A negative mold is formed on the face of the completed clay model by applying coat after coat of plaster, thickened and reinforced by layers of burlap, excelsior and steel pipe.

When the plaster has set, the mold is lifted from the clay model by a crane and, after being shellacked and greased, will receive the final plaster composition. ■





Bridges Across the River of Gold

by Ed Rossbach

paintings by Katherine Westphal

TO the Golden State of golden bears and golden poppies, the Sacramento is the river of gold—*real* gold, beginning with Sutter and the strike which brought fortune hunters dashing across an entire continent, and sailing around two. That was a hundred years ago. Today the Sacramento is an important commercial waterway. But one of its greatest charms is its fantastic conglomeration of bridges.

To see them, forgo the four-lane highway which moves directly and speedily between San Francisco and Sacramento, and take instead State Highway 24, which idles, like a country boy, along the river. Never meant for speeding, it moves in fickle fashion down this side and that. If you become too much engrossed in the landscape you may find yourself driving down one levee after the road has crossed to the other.

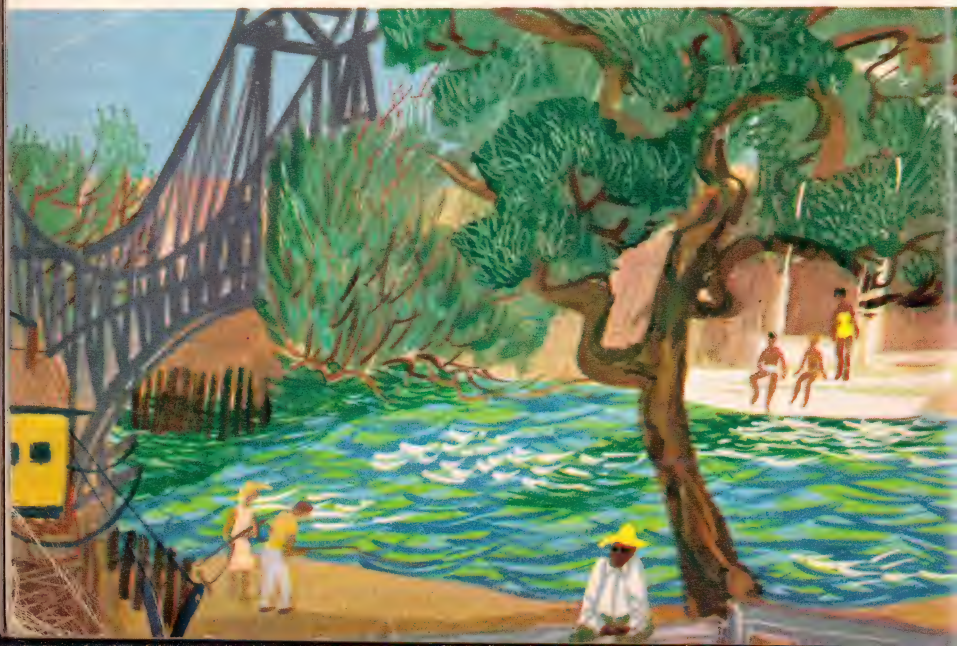
Just past Antioch the first bridge hints at the eccentricities to come. A curious approach leads to a high airy span, which turns abruptly in mid-air to descend parallel to the river. The reversal in direction is so acute that the bridge seems suddenly to have decided to return to its original bank after a fanciful excursion high above the river. From a distance the structure suggests a roller coaster set on a broad plain.

The levees along which the road moves provide an ideal vantage point for viewing the immense valley. Trees growing on it reveal, in sharp silhouette devoid of color, the balls of mistletoe entangled in their delicate branches. Eucalyptus trees become black scarecrows. By contrast, the palms and pink and white oleanders seem lush, heavy with color.

You look down on crops of amazing diversity: grapes,

Above left: The roller-coaster bridge near Antioch.

Below left: The "Fort Sutter"—now a clubhouse.



←*Crossing the Sacramento at Isleton*

asparagus, tomatoes, rice, alfalfa, pear and walnut orchards, and great dairy farms. Fringed as they are with trees, tules, and brakes of bamboo, the dikes appear to be a fortuitous and natural feature of the landscape. They scarcely suggest the river's history of floods or the determination of early farmers not to abandon this rich valley even when rising water repeatedly washed out their fortunes.

The second span that you cross is a drawbridge, a low arbor which encloses you in a precise network of steel. The third is a strange combination of massive concrete arches and a tracery of steel. To one side is the Rio Vista bridge which looks as if three engineers had each built a third, without quite agreeing on the bridge's location; the independent segments are joined in makeshift fashion to form a crazy line across the river. The fourth bridge is a narrow draw, and, to one side, at Courtland, is a bridge which revolves. So they continue, each an independent and unique solution to the problem of crossing the river without permanently obstructing it. For the river itself is a highway.

The watercraft vie with the bridges and the crops in their variety: streamlined launches and ponderous scows and barges; fragile sailboats and bulky houseboats; rowboats, tugs and improvised fishing craft. And just as the levees only gently recall a frenzy of floods, Steamboat Landing and the *Fort Sutter*, now converted into a clubhouse, recall a frenzy of commerce. Once gold was discovered, the race was on, with the river the main artery of travel. Steamers sped gold seekers to their dreams or their disillusionments. Ports of call mushroomed and disappeared. Ocean-going vessels navigated the river all the way to Sacramento in those days.

Idleness is the keynote of the trip. The gently moving river with its slow traffic, the calm, flat fields under a colorless sky, the lazy road meandering with the river, the makeshift bridges with their casual indirectness, all provoke a relaxed mood. Traveling the river road you forget that your destination is not the road itself, the river, the bridges, and the valley.

And then your foot presses harder on the accelerator. The road has widened and traffic moves faster. Orchards yield to ranch-style houses, levee foliage to wayside stands. The river road is behind you; destination again becomes important. ■

←*The bridge at Steamboat Landing*



St. Joseph's Day in New Orleans

by Oscar Backstrom, Jr.

THERE seems to be something in the air of New Orleans that converts an ordinary holiday or feast into a super-festival unsurpassed for color anywhere in the world. Mardi Gras is the most famous case in point, and St. Joseph's Day on March 19 is another. St. Joseph's Day has been celebrated for generations by Italians the world over as a special day; in New Orleans it has blossomed into a truly unforgettable festivity.

The central event of the observance is the construction of an elaborate altar which takes weeks and sometimes even months to arrange. It occupies nearly an entire room and is usually in tiers. Fine linens, often handmade heirloom laces, are the settings for the decorations of flowers, candles, festoons of crepe paper and even Christmas ornaments. Always in a prominent location is a statue of St. Joseph.

An unbelievable quantity and variety of food are arranged on the tiers. Strict tradition, not always observed, demands that every dish placed on the altar be baked, and professional bakers contribute their art in the form of St. Joseph loaves, baked in the shape of crosses, wreaths and other emblems.

On St. Joseph's Eve the old French Quarter, where many of the city's Italians live, is alive with laughing bands of people going from house to house visiting these shrines. Many families advertise in the "Personal" columns of the newspapers inviting the public to attend their altar, for this is a time of the most open-handed hospitality.

No one is turned away from an Italian home on St. Joseph's Day or is allowed to leave without sampling the feast. The casual visitor who declines food is pressed to take at least a glass of *vino* and a small piece of St. Joseph's bread, to ward off poverty. Feasting continues all day and dancing and merriment continue until midnight, when the stroke of the twelfth chime brings back the restrictions of Lent. ■

Above left: A tiered altar set with heirloom linens (photo by H. Q. Gillis)
Below left: Finishing touches on a room size altar (photo by B. W. Callaway)



Favorite Recipes of Famous Caverns

Grand Central Oyster Bar, New York

Oyster Pan Roast (one serving)

8 freshly opened oysters
1 pat of butter
1 tablespoon chili sauce
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
Few drops of lemon juice
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of oyster liquor
Celery salt, to taste
Paprika
4 ounces cream
1 piece dry toast

Place oysters, butter, chili sauce, Worcestershire sauce, lemon juice, oyster liquor and seasoning in a deep pan. Cook for about one minute stirring continuously while

cooking. Add cream and when mixture comes to a boiling point pour over toast, placed in a soup plate. Serve immediately.

On the lower level of Grand Central Station in New York City, this restaurant is famous for its delicious oyster dishes. It is open for breakfast, lunch, dinner and supper until midnight.

← painting of Grand Central Oyster Bar by George Shellhase.

← painting of Skipper Kent's by Parker Edwards

Skipper Kent's, California

Skipper's Celestial Chicken

Breast of four-pound roaster
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon red wine
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soya sauce
1 well-beaten egg
Pinch of Accent
Salt and pepper
Flour (water chestnut, if possible)

Cream Sauce

2 tablespoons butter
1 heaping tablespoon flour
1 cup cream
Salt and pepper, to taste
4 ounces button mushrooms
Browned sesame seeds

Skin and bone chicken and cut into large strips $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick. Mix wine, soya, egg, Accent and seasoning; sprinkle over chicken pieces with a spoon. Roll chicken in flour and pat in well. Fry in

350° fat for 5-6 minutes. Drain on paper, cut chicken in one-inch squares. In a separate pan melt butter and blend in flour until smooth. Slowly add cream, salt and pepper. Stir and cook until smooth. Add drained mushrooms to sauce and heat through. Pour over chicken and sprinkle with browned sesame seeds. Serves four.

Dinner served from 6:00 p.m. to 11:30 p.m. on weekdays; 5:00 p.m. to 10:30 p.m. on Sundays. Skipper Kent's is at 1040 Columbus Avenue in San Francisco.



Jacktown Hotel, Pennsylvania

Old Fashioned Cole Slaw

1 large cabbage
1 cup sour cream
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup vinegar

Scoop out the center section of the cabbage, leaving only a shell. Shred remaining cabbage and soak in ice water for 30 minutes. Drain and dry thoroughly. Add vinegar and seasoning. Toss, and let marinate for an hour. Drain again, squeezing cabbage slightly to remove any excess liquid. Pour

sour cream over cabbage and toss lightly. Place slaw in chilled shell of cabbage and serve salad. Makes 12 portions.

A mile and a quarter from the Pennsylvania Turnpike at Irwin, this hotel for more than a century has been noted for its food and hospitality. Breakfast, lunch and dinner served daily, year-round.

← painting of Jacktown Hotel by Hubert J. Fitzgerald

← painting of Smörgåsbord by Zella Boedicker

Smörgåsbord, Ohio

Bread Pudding

6 cups rolls or bread slices
8 egg yolks
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints cream
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ orange, rind
 $\frac{1}{2}$ orange, juice
8 egg whites
2 tablespoons sugar

Cut rolls or bread in four equal pieces until you have enough to fill an 8 x 11 inch baking dish completely. Beat egg yolks; add cream and sugar and mix thoroughly. Pour mixture over bread. Combine orange juice and rind; pour over mixture. Bake in preheated 300° oven for one hour. Beat egg whites until stiff, then slowly add 2 tablespoons sugar. When bread pudding is done, spread top with egg whites. Bake in preheated 275° oven for about 20 min-

utes. If desired, sprinkle top with nutmeats. Serves 10-12 people.

The smörgåsbord table here is twenty feet by six feet and contains over a hundred and twenty-five different foods. The restaurant is on State Highway 91, eight miles north of Akron, in Stow. Open daily, except Monday, from 5:00 p.m. to 9:00 p.m. and on Sundays and holidays from 12:30 p.m. to 9 p.m.



The Robert Clay Hotel, Florida

Stuffed Avocado Rings

- 1 avocado
- 1 small package cream cheese
- 1 teaspoon heavy cream
- 1 teaspoon onion juice

Cut avocado in half, crosswise. Remove pit. Peel carefully. Blend cream cheese, cream and onion juice. Pack this mixture into cavity of avocado. Chill. When ready to serve, slice off stuffed rings about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in thickness. This makes an effective garnish around a platter of cold meats, or it may be served alone as a salad, on lettuce, with French dressing. Caution: do not experiment by adding any chopped mixture to the cream cheese because it makes rings which are

impossible to cut neatly. Chopped nuts and parsley may be scattered over the top of cut slices.

The Robert Clay, located in quiet Dallas Park, is the only hotel with a pool and cabaña club in the downtown area of Miami. Breakfast, lunch and dinner served daily, year round. The address is 129 SE Fourth Street.

← painting of The Robert Clay Hotel by Marion Terry

← painting of Mill Farm Inn by Katherine Grace

Mill Farm Inn, North Carolina

Jellied Meat Loaf

- 1 tablespoon gelatin
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water
- 2 cups hot meat stock
- 2 cups cooked meat, chopped
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup green pepper, chopped
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup celery, chopped
- 2 tablespoons onion, minced
- Salt and pepper, to taste
- 2 hard boiled eggs

Pour cold water over gelatin and let stand for a few minutes; then add hot meat stock, the meat, pepper, celery, minced onion and salt and pepper. Turn into loaf pan, decorated with sliced egg. Chill until set. Unmold on a platter and slice. Serves 6-8.

The year-round moderate climate in this Blue Ridge area accounts for the popularity of Mill Farm Inn. Another feature is its excellent food. It is one mile east of Tryon on State Highway 108. Breakfast, lunch and dinner served every day. Vacation facilities. Reservations advisable.

GAME SECTION

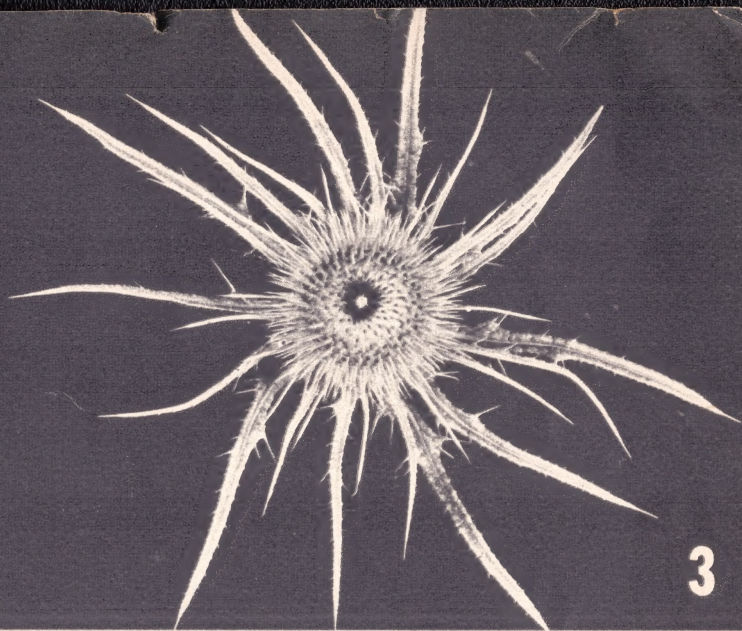
What Is It?

Can you name these four objects? Three are commonly found in fields, and one is native to the water. Answers below.

photos by Tet Arnold von Borsig

1. Rye
2. Milkweed seed pods
3. Thistle bud
4. Sea weed





Contributors



Shortly after weighing Montevallo, Alabama, in the balance with Washington, D. C. (the pleasant result is on page 2), VIRGINIA HAMILTON moved to

Birmingham—not because Montevallo wouldn't have liked her story but because Birmingham offered job opportunities that couldn't be ignored. She was back in her favorite town on November 4 to vote and to enjoy one of the pleasures of a small town: being greeted by everybody on Main Street. Mrs. Hamilton was born in Missouri and brought up in Alabama. Because her father was a newspaperman she never gave a thought to any other job. She has been managing editor of a small town weekly and member of the city staff of the Birmingham News.

JOHN HOLMGREN, native of St. Paul, Minnesota, and resident of New York City, painted the illustrations for the story on Ven Smith, page 31. His first art job was paste-up boy in an engraving shop. Later, in New York, he studied part of the day at Columbia and part of the night at the Art Students League. Now a well known artist, he re-entered Columbia in 1947 (along with one of his daughters) and hopes to get a degree some day. He spends summers in New Hampshire and



is continually experimenting with skiing, carpentry and golf.



This is what RICHARD BROUGH, illustrator of the Montevallo story, writes about himself: "I was born in Salmon, Idaho, in 1920, and four years later moved

with my family to Portland, Oregon. My mother hoped I'd become a violinist, but I merely fiddled my father's money away. When I showed an interest in drawing, the family was elated, because drawing is quiet and pencils are cheap. In the early years I won several art scholarships and finally left home to study at the Chouinard in Los Angeles. For five years I was in the Army but was lucky enough to continue my painting—everything from signs to murals. After a year in the European theatre, during which I traveled widely and sketched extensively, I came back to Los Angeles to work free-lance in movie studios."



painting by Philip Moose

Jutaculla Rock—a one-picture story

by William Patrick Wooten

UNTIL good roads were cut through the Blue Ridge Mountains, only intrepid students of Indian lore bothered their heads about the Jutaculla Rock, a curiously-carved sandstone monolith in western North Carolina. Now highway historical markers call it to the attention of tourists. It lies just off State Highway 107 about seven miles south of Sylva.

Some of the carvings suggest balsam trees, horned owls, wigwams, and stickmen. Others are obscure and non-pictorial. They are presumed to have been made by Indians of a past age, but no one has yet deciphered their meaning. Only the surrounding mountains—Toxaway, Tennessee Bald and Water Rock Knob—know what feat or historical event is recorded here for latter-day eyes. These witnesses remain silent. ■

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Front Cover—The 1906 Model N Runabout shown in No. 15 of the Horseless Carriage Adventures series by Charles Harper is surrounded by merry-makers who are taking part in the Parade of Rex, always a colorful feature of New Orleans' annual two-month Carnival. Away from the city the celebration is better known as Mardi Gras, the name for the final five happy days of Carnival, including Mardi Gras, or Shrove Tuesday.

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